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Eye Openers

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R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor

Subscription, $1.00 per year

* * *

Correspondent are requested to address us to P.O. Box 2090, Calgary.

Silence! All stand up. Tapple Frost is here.

* * *

Jane at bread
And Jane ate jelly.
Jane went to bed with a pain
In her—now don't get excited—
And don't be misled.
For what Jane had was
A pain in her head.

* * *

Stop! Look!! Listen!!!

The Win-the-War Carnival is on full blast right now, in the Pryce-Jones building.

Tonight's the night!

The winners of the motor contest will be announced by the Mayor tonight.

Be there!

The setting of the Carnival has been worked out on a most elaborate scale and the public will be well repaid for a visit.

This evening there will be dancing, living pictures, pretty girls (loud and prolonged cheers), light refreshments, and splendid orchestra.

Take in this Carnival and help the war work of the Col. Macleod Chapter, I.O.D.E.

A ticket entitling two persons to admission costs one bone.

* * *

The band will now play "The Maple Leaf Forever."—Tapple Frost is coming down the street.

* * *

The municipal elections are almost upon us once more. For pity's sake!

* * *

It's an ill wind that doesn't blow things the lawyers' way. All the Government appointments in connection with the enforcement of Conscription—every blessed one—have been given to lawyers. These people horn in on everything.

* * *

At least General Haig should shine in a peace conference, speaking phonetically.

* * *

Of course, Laurier may be loyal to the Empire and all that—we'll take his word for it, anyhow—but the fact remains that he uttered the following words in a speech at Boston only a few years ago:—

> **"Canada and England have interests apart, and the time will come when in the nature of things separation will take place."**

* * *

A correspondent, evidently having learned that we have lately gone housekeeping, writes to say that the flavor of bread pudding may be agreeably changed by letting it down a man-hole by a string and keeping it there over night.

Well, what of it, what of it?

* * *

The average man has more friends and fewer enemies than he thinks he has.

* * *

The Liberals are kicking because every woman in Canada is not being enfranchised. We never took overmuch stock in giving women the franchise out and out, because women will always vote just as their male relatives or friends want them to. All they really want with the vote is to trade it for masculine approval. (We will now proceed to bend our head to the storm. Go easy!)

* * *

"Yes," complained the pretty girl who sat with her best fellow night after night on the porch during the hot weather, "mine is a hard lot. If I talk loud I annoy the neighbors and if I keep quiet it worries mother so."

* * *

Sir James Lougheed will go over to England this fall to take over the duties of Overseas Minister of Militia and High Commissioner. Sir George Perley will have to be "around" at election time to look after his own parliamentary interests.

* * *

At a time when the hard-pressed Canadian troops are fighting to the death around the city of Lens and calling for reinforcements from home, these Liberal politicians have been deliberately attempting to turn over the country to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the French-Canadian, German, Austrian, slacker, pacifist and the conscientious objector.

* * *

Treading on other people's toes will never get you very far.

Both the Pantages and the Orpheum are going full blast in our midst. It is a pleasant rivalry that exists between these two delightful institutions, the bills provided week by week varying as to merit at each house in most startling fashion. One week the bill at the Orpheum will be spoken of by the fans as "rotten," and the Pantages "swell"; next week Pantages bill gets denounced as "punk," while the Orpheum may be lauded as "the best ever," and so it goes. The fans are loyal to both houses.

* * *

The Albertan dramatic critic this week deplores the excessive featuring of the Stars and Stripes in the Orpheum performances at the Grand, and to a certain extent the writer has cause to take umbrage. It must be borne in mind, however, that if we had to depend upon Canadian talent for our vaudeville we probably would not have any such entertainments at all. Besides, the business arrangement between the Orpheum New York head office and their artists, with respect to the jump between Winnipeg and Vancouver is such that the performers could not very well be expected to alter their acts to accommodate Calgary theatre-goers. We understand that they are paid no salaries at all at this point, only their transportation and expenses. Still, the performances they give us are so uniformly classy that one can overlook the rather irritating emphasis they lay on the Stars and Stripes. The flag always was a cheap and easy medium of forcing applause at vaudeville shows. The Americans are our Allies anyhow, so what's the diff?

* * *

Vaudeville fans have grown mighty fastidious of late years. Acts have to be fairly high class to command their wrapt attention, and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, one often sees inferior performers recalled again and again. This trick of getting oneself recalled is an art all by itself. When the artist finishes his act and disappears in the wing, the orchestra starts playing frantically, getting louder and faster, with an occasional crash of the cymbals and a few frightful blasts from the clarionet, giving the idea of a tremendous climax, and in the hub-bub the performer bobs out from the wing and bobs back, possibly half a dozen times in as many seconds, bowing and smiling and kissing his or her hand to the audience—which possibly is not applauding at all.

* * *

The other extreme sometimes happens. Last week when the Orpheum opened for the season there was an all-star bill. There was no fake about it, either. It really was an all-star bill, each act being well-night perfect. Yet there was not a single recall the night we were there and very little applause. Which would indicate that much of the hand-clapping bestowed upon inferior performers at vaudeville entertainments is due to pity.

* * *

As already remarked, we have all become very fastidious and hard to please. Every class of entertainment has been speeded up to the limit to meet the demands of a people who simply will not remain home of an evening. And yet it seems but yesterday when we were all highly delighted when the buck-and-wing dancer (usually colored) stepped forth and got something like this off his chest:

While strolling thro' the park one day,
Feeling so blithe and gay,
I was taken by surprise
By a pair of blue eyes.
And-a-this-is-a-what-she-said
(Empties cornucopia of sand on stage and throws c. behind scenes.)
How I love that little queen!
(Break Dance.)
She's the sweetest girl I ever seen.
(Break Dance.)
She smiled on me so sweetly.
I blushed a rosy red.
She conquered me completely.
And-a-this-is-a-what-she-said:
(Dance ad infin.)

* * *

There are a lot of funny things in this world—besides men and women.

* * *

Reminiscence of the old days in Calgary.

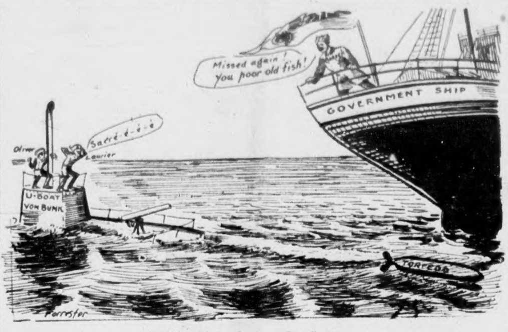
Paddy Nolan was addressing Magistrate Sanders.

"Your honor, my learned friend, Mr. Short, refers to my client as a 'double-dyed villain.' That's what he is, your honor, that's what he is! He is only a villain by reason of the dye with which the infamously false testimony in this case has colored him! But it will come out in the wash. I look confidently to your decision in this case, your honor, to remove those spurious stains from the character of a cruelly and unjustly persecuted man and reveal him as he really is, an upright, honest citizen, white as the driven snow."

Whereupon Magistrate Sanders screwed his monocle a little further into his eye and found the prisoner guilty of stealing the ham.

* * *

Nine-tenths of what the average man knows is of no earthly benefit to him.



This Ship has a Deflector

Some time ago we had occasion to write an article whose object it was to show how great endeavors on a large scale to do the right thing by the public could be knocked flatter than a pancake by small, apparently trivial and wholly needless irritations on the part of employees of the institution which was trying to do the aforesaid right thing. Let us now give an instance of this sort of thing in the Canadian army:

* * *

When a man is wounded and dies in the trenches, he is usually sewn up in a blanket for burial. The widow or next-of-kin who gets what money is coming to deceased soldier ("the estate," as it is called), is charged one dollar for this blanket. They don't charge anything for the sewing.

* * *

If a man were asked to sit down and deliberately devise the surest means of causing anger and exasperation to the widow of a soldier who has lost his life in the trenches, he would have to think up something like the above. The idea of a great civilized nation, like the Dominion of Canada, whose sons are fighting to preserve its very existence, charging the next-of-kin a dollar for a blanket to wrap up the dead body of their dear lost one, is abhorrent as well as mighty cheap. It is absolutely revolting.

* * *

Canada is expending millions upon millions in this war, plus more millions for pensions, separation allowances and so forth. And no one murmurs. The country pays cheerfully, grudging nothing. Why, therefore, should all the well-meant efforts on behalf of the Canadian soldier be knocked galley-west by a tactless regulation which compels an already distracted widow or mother to pay the Government a dollar for the use of the blanket in which the corpse of her loved one is lifted from the trench and subsequently interred?

* * *

Why, cert'nly. The nicest people are always those we don't know anything about.

* * *

A battalion composed of Calgary men who are learning to drive Fords is being organized and is expected to have a most baffling effect on the enemy. A thousand Fords careering madly about the plains of Flanders, each car rushing helter skelter all over the place in wrong directions and none of the drivers knowing how to stop, will undoubtedly serve to destroy the morale of the Germans. Put it on the blink, in other words. George Webber is slated for colonel of this battalion with Mark Drumm as chaplain.

* * *

Russia has been experiencing the sensations of a starving man suddenly transported to a fashionable restaurant and given a bill of fare in French.

* * *

A country editor offers the following summary of his experience:

Been broke 300 times.
Had money 81 times.
Praised by the public 6 times.
Asked to drink 8 times.
Refused to drink 0 times.
Missed prayer meeting 32 times.
Been roasted 124 times.
Washed the office towel 3 times.
Missed meals 0 times.
Taken for a preacher 11 times.
Taken for a capitalist 0 times.
Found money 0 times.
Taken bath 6 times.
Delinquents paid 27 times.
Paid in conscience 0 times.
Got whipped 16 times.
Whipped the other fellow 0 times.
Cash on hand at beginning $1.48; cash on hand at present 67 cents.

SOCIETY ITEMS

"Admiral" Dewey is on his annual trip to Toronto.

Maharajah Tappijum Frostjatsingh, of Bramshottistan, dropped off at Calgary this week and will remain indefinitely.

Last Tuesday night Mr. Peter Maguire got out his two winter undershirts and mended up the rips and sewed on the buttons and left them suspended on a line behind the cookstove in the little housie on the North Hill, where he batches. The fire became too hot, and before he smelt anything the shirts were scorched beyond redemption. The Eye Opener sympathises with Mr. Maguire in this the hour of his affliction.

Miss Florence Smith, a charming debutante, had the honor of being presented at court one day last week. Her dress was a marvellous creation from Athabasca Landing and excited the envy of not a few of the grandes dames. She denied having sold any liquor in her house.

The many friends of Mrs. Thos. M. Olin, of Sunnyside, will be glad to learn that she is able to be out again. It is nearly three weeks since she kicked at the cat and missed it, dislocating her knee cap. Society is all agog over her charming recovery.

Banff is about to close the most successful summer season she ever had.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josie Sweeney to Mr. James Eccles, the popular undertaker. Mr. Eccles is one of our most notable embalmers and has a bright future before him. His corpses are invariably fresh and lifelike, and always attract a crowd in front of his show windows.

Mrs. Bucklewhackster, of Riverside, was hostess at a jolly tea last Wednesday. Autumn foliage brightened the pretty table at which Mrs. Bucklewhackster presided with her usual charming air of embonpoint. Mr. Bucklewhackster staggered in during the proceedings and kicked over the table, later on falling asleep on the sofa. Mrs. Bucklewhackster was deeply mortified and says she is through with pink teas for all time.

Mr. F. M. Black is visiting in the east, where doubtless he is telling them all about it. About what? Oh, any old thing.

* * *

Here is a pretty story of the long ago, illustrating one of the many ways of rustling the morning eyeopener when broke. The process was known as "working the bartender," though the instance here given is an elaboration of the same.

The morning was rather chilly as the cold-looking individual walked into a small bar.

"Morning," he said cheerily, addressing himself to the white-aproned gent behind the bar.

"Morning," was the reply.

"How'd you like a sherry and egg this morning?" continued the stranger.

"Well, now, that sounds pretty lucky to me. Going to set 'em up?"

"I'll furnish the eggs if you'll contribute the sherry."

"You're on," agreed the bartender.

"All right. I'll be back in a minute," the cold-looking one called over his shoulder as he walked toward the door.

Into the street and around the corner he made his way and halted before a grocery store, at the door of which the grocer was standing sizing up the weather.

"Morning," he said, goodnaturedly.

"Morning," came the reply.

"A little raw this morning," he went on.

"Yes."

"How'd a sherry and egg go this morning?" he asked, rubbing some heat into his hands.

"Fine! Just thing ever," announced the grocer, interested.

"Tell you what I'll do," the stranger continued. "I'll furnish the sherry if you'll furnish the eggs."

"Right."

"Then trot out three eggs and follow me."

And the stranger led the way back to the bar.

"Here's the eggs," he announced to the proprietor.

"And here's the sherry," said the bartender, mixing the drinks.

"Here's [illegible]," [illegible] exclaimed [illegible] and [illegible] drank the [illegible] —the glasses on the bar.

"By the way," said the bartender to the grocer, [illegible] across the [illegible] "You furnished the eggs, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the grocer, smacking his lips.

"And I furnished the sherry, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," [illegible] the stranger, "[illegible]"

"Well, gentlemen," [illegible] the stranger, as he [illegible] the door [illegible] "I'm the promoter."

* * *

Those who are whining about the Disfranchisement Act should remember that the bill would never have been brought forward at all had the opposition agreed to an extension of the life of Parliament with coalition.

Premier Borden has made the hit of his life by grasping the nettle and forcing upon the statute books necessary legislation. He ignored the Blockers' Brigade entirely, telling them all to go to hell,—the only way to handle these rummies.

* * *

Borden (at last) sensed the fact that the people had grown sick and tired of windy partisanship. He knew he had the patriotic element at his back, plus 400,000 men in khaki, and just cut 'er loose. Democracy likes a bold hand in a crisis.

* * *

The Military Service Act is now the law of the land; so is the War Time Election Act. It remains for the country to do the rest, when the proper time comes, by electing a strong War Parliament to uphold Sir Robert Borden's hands.

* * *

The disfranchisement of the new arrivals from enemy countries, and the enfranchisement of soldiers and soldiers' female relatives render the task of the loyal elements in the population much more practicable than it would otherwise have been.

* * *

Borden will be extremely foolish if he bothers his head any more about taking prominent Liberal politicians into his cabinet. He can get along a damsite better without them. They would be forever trying to put something over on him when he wasn't looking. Besides, the idea of dropping Bob Rogers and taking up a pair like Sifton and Calder would have an inevitable tendency to make people laugh, which is not desirable during a period of sorrow.

* * *

Premier Borden's position is safe. He has just put his house in order and can now enjoy his well-earned fishing trip in the wilds of Quebec with clear conscience and peace of mind.

* * *

Australia has gone further than Canada in recent franchise legislation, disqualifying all persons of alien enemy origin, irrespective of length of residence in the Commonwealth.

* * *

Although the merits and demerits of the one-man car may be an excellent subject for controversy, it must be admitted that the Calgary street railway company give excellent service. The employees are courteous and obliging, performing their duties with satisfaction to the general public, sometimes under rather trying conditions. The motorman of a one-man car reminds one very forcibly of the versatile chap in the theatre orchestra who has to play three different kinds of drum, the cymbals, the xylophone, imitate the galloping of a horse, tap the triangle at the proper moment and pull a dozen other stunts, each of importance to the action of the moment.

* * *

When a woman plans to do anything out of the ordinary she always wonders what the neighbors will say.

* * *

A correspondent from Olds writes to say that he went into a store there the other day to ask for an Eye Opener and was told that they did not sell such papers, as it would corrupt the morals of the town.

(From the fact that one of Olds's ministers of the gospel, some three weeks ago eloped with a young lady of that burg, he already having a wife and child in the States, we may be justified in presuming that the morals of Olds need no further corrupting just at present. The scandal should hold them for a while.—Ed.)

* * *

The man who is too poor to lend money to his friends will never have many enemies.

The devilitries of Winnipeg did not cease with the passing of the old Marriaggi hotel and its infernal grotto. More young girls were ruined in this joint than you could shake a stick at. Once lured into this den of iniquity, on the pretext of having a light lunch or after-theatre supper, it was all off with the girlies. They never came out the way they went in. That's one thing sure. We often used to wonder if, by prearrangement or special signal, the wine or the beer was doped by the waiter.

* * *

The Marriaggi was eventually closed up. It got too tough altogether and the authorities had finally to take notice of the numerous suppressed scandals that ever and anon reached their ears. It was not alone the humble and lowly who came to grief here. Not a few young ladies of high degree, belonging to prominent families in Winnipeg, lost their bearings and other adjuncts in the notorious Grotto beneath the Marriaggi. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," should have been inscribed over those innocent-looking stairs that led below.

* * *

But, as already remarked, deviltries along similar lines have not by any means ceased in Winnipeg. We could unfold a pitiful and singularly sordid story of a very well-known elderly hotelman of Winnipeg, now an officer in a Winnipeg battalion (No, no! not Big Nick, you blithering idiot!), who put the everlasting kibosh on a pretty sixteen-year-old girl called Julia Stuttinger. All you have to do in Winnipeg to secure immunity from the police is to become a noted curler. They give you the freedom of the city.

* * *

Julia is only sixteen. At sixteen most girls say their prayers before kissing mother good-night and fall asleep under the protection of a good home. Yet at sixteen God and everything good are a mockery to Julia. At sixteen she has paid the price. Only the other morning Julia awoke to face a vagrancy charge.

* * *

This well-known hotelman, who is now "an officer and a gentleman," according to the tradition of the British army, began by being very kind and fatherly to Julia. He had a lady friend, one Faye O'Neil, whose cosy home was at 608 Toronto street. It was here he arranged a party, one of those parties that is called "a nice tea party," only there was no tea.

* * *

Julia came, and brought Hilda Farnitzki, her dumb chum, as young as herself. There was wine, beer, liquor. Faye O'Neil is a good barkeep and would never see a glass drained to the dregs. Sixteen-year-old girls don't pay bartenders' salaries. They can't hold their liquor. But Faye was a kind hostess. She led each girl to a room and put them to bed.

* * *

When Julia got up, there were three crisp one-dollar bills on the dresser. Her friend, Hilda, found a five-dollar bill in her stocking. The elderly "officer and gentleman" took her to her house in an automobile, while a non-commissioned officer of the same battalion took Hilda home. They left them at the front gate and then returned up town, the memory of the evening but that of a casual pleasure.

* * *

Julia went to her boarding-house with her memories. But they were not those of the hotelman. Julia's memories were not pleasant. Her thought was expressed by Theophile Gauthier when he said: "A woman is a virgin but once."

* * *

Later, when the O'Neil woman faced a charge of keeping a house of assignation, the two sixteen-year-old girls and the hotelman were called as witnesses. The hotelman disobeyed the first summons. Before the second was returnable, the woman had jumped her bail and disappeared. Who arranged for her disappearance on such a minor charge, is not told. The penalty is but a fine. But the facts her trial would have revealed might have been even more embarrassing to a certain hotelman who is a dam good curler and who on occasion can go at a clip which he probably assimilated from some of the fast pacers he used to own.

* * *

At sixteen, therefore, Julia has thrust on her an idea. It was an idea which does not occur, unsuggested, to much older girls. She no longer had a virtue to guard. She had been shown the easy way of making money which has tempted her older sisters from all time. When she lost her job and needed money, she recalled the three-dollar stunt at the O'Neil house, and thus did Julia join the oldest of professions. Who is there to blame her?

* * *

One day last week Julia was "vagged." She had but ten cents. Eight months ago an innocent girl, last week she slept in a jail cell. Her sister came to Winnipeg from her home in St. Paul and asked to be allowed to take her home. The hotelman [illegible]. Society has built a barrier against "such as her." She is on one side, they on the other. And what of the "officer and gentleman"? He is probably having another drink.

James B. Williamson, mayor of Hootch, was registered at the Palliser this week. In the course of a brief chat, Mr. Williamson declared himself wholeheartedly in favor both of the Conscription and the Disfranchisement Acts.

"The trouble with those people who are so busy denouncing these Acts in public and in private," said he, "is that they forget that our Canadian boys overseas favor these measures very strongly. The best human element of our country is over there just now and what they desire, demand or simply approve of, should be sufficient mandate for the rest of us."

"What do you think of the Liberals, anyhow, Mr. Mayor?" we inquired.

"It is a mistake to assume that they are disloyal when they express disapproval of these measures, because in their hearts they approve quite heartily and are far from being disloyal. Their roar over the disfranchisement of our alien-enemies is merely due to the somewhat disagreeable knowledge that it destroys utterly any chance they might have had of regaining power at the forthcoming elections. That is all."

"So you don't blame them for shooting off their mouths the way they do?"

"Not a bit. They simply don't count. Nobody pays any attention to them. The soldiers and the soldiers' kin are the only ones worthy of serious consideration these days."

"What do you think of the complaints of the women that they are being disfranchised by this Act?"

"It would indicate to my mind that their interpretation of English words is at fault. You cannot disfranchise a person who is not already enfranchised. The ladies must be aware that they have been virtually promised the full franchise when peace returns, and it ill becomes them to begrudge special recognition at this moment to the wives, widows and mothers of our soldiers."

"How about the justice of disfranchising the alien enemies, Mr. Williamson?"

"The soldiers at the front and those who have returned demand it. That is enough for me."

"But how about the Next-of-Kin Club?"

"Never heard of it."

"Well, Mr. Mayor, what does Hootch think of the war now?"

"Hootch thinks the war is going slowly but surely in the direction of victory, but many of us are of opinion that the horrors of this war have been needlessly enhanced by the flood of talk, talk, talk that flows over the city of Calgary from one week's end to the other. Those who can't talk, write letters to the newspapers. There are too many societies, associations, boards and councils which live, move and have their being on a basis of empty words strung together in the form of speeches, all having more or less reference to the war and its relation to local politics. Since the start of the war a veritable epidemic of verbosity has spread over your city, hanging over it like a pall."

"How do you account for it, Mr. Mayor?"

"I think your Mr. F. M. Black had a good deal to do with it. He set the example by talking, talking, talking, until he talked himself into a fat job. I notice that your long-suffering public are beginning to flock to the moving-picture houses more and more, seeking refuge in places where there is no talking. Otherwise there would be a notable increase of insanity."

"What is the object of your visit to Calgary, Mr. Mayor?"

"I came to get some pointers on how to run a Tag Day."

"Well, you've come to the right place."

"Is there one going on just now?"

"Oh, I guess so."

* * *

Michael Clark, good old scout, has done more than any one else to help put out the fire under the political pot. His fine example has worked wonders.

* * *

Our dear old friend, H.M.C.S. Niobe is still shedding tears in Halifax harbor. She is weeping over the 47 skippers and 35 mates who are undergoing a course of comic-opera training on her historic decks. Her anguish is especially keen over the pathetic activities of one of these ancient mariners who celebrated his 76th birthday last month and is reputed to be an orphan. They all live at the Acadian Hotel, Halifax, which is rented at $300 per month for "housing surplus officers from H.M.C.S. Niobe." The skippers get $3.50 per diem; mates, $2.50 per diem. Occasionally they sally forth in a small gunboat to practice naval warfare outside the harbor, but it is well known that all they do on these occasions is fish. We should dearly love to see their booze account, because it is contrary to every known ethic to go fishing without booze.

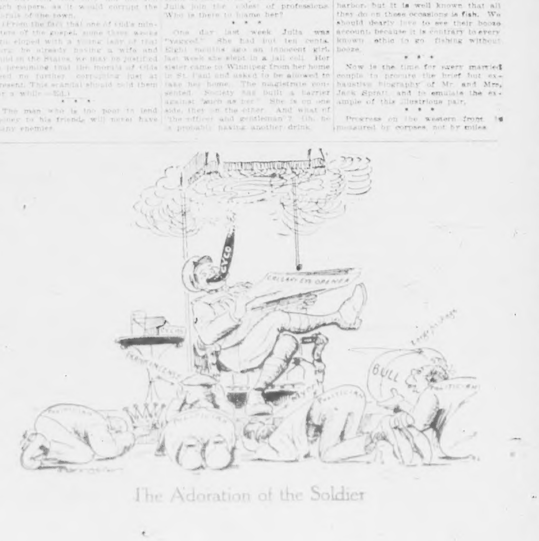
* * *

Now is the time for every married couple to procure the brief but exhaustive biography of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt, and to emulate the example of this illustrious pair.

* * *

Progress on the western front is measured by corpses, not by miles.

Their Final Haul



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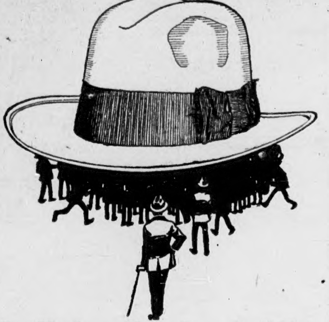

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Back in Glasgow we used to have an expression, "There's queer folk in the 'Shaws,'" but it would seem as if there are even queerer folk in Winnipeg. Even the parsons in this gay and festive burg fall by the wayside sometimes. We must really tell you of the Reverend John Knox Cinch—that is not his name, but awfully bl—dy near it—who recently pulled such a remarkable stunt in the Women's Wear Department of Eaton's store. It will cause you much lafteur.

* * *

Clerical of collar and saintly of face, the Reverend J. K. Cinch allowed his devout eye to wander over the many charming evidences of temporal vanity,—blouses, waists and so forth.

"Ah, my friend, I trust you are saved?" he queried with a kindly voice as he perceived a tall man standing near him, apparently inspecting a rack of underskirts.

From a portfolio under his arm he drew a handful of tracts by the Manitoba and Saskatchewan Bible Society, with which he is connected.

The Rev. Mr. Cinch had been in the store some time. Humbly abstracted, he had wandered from counter to counter, looking without interest at the goods on display. He had wandered from the first floor to the second, from the second to the third. He returned to the second. Here it is we find him, with the stranger still in the offing.

* * *

"Is there aught I might presume to do to increase the happiness of your soul and ease your mind?" he again inquired, as the stranger did not move away.

"You're a mind-reader," said the ungodly stranger. "Let me see what you have under your coat."

From beneath the worthy ecclesiastic's cleric cloth the ungodly stranger drew a brilliant silk kimona. From the sainted pockets of the pastor he drew out a dozen other articles.

* * *

The ungodly stranger led the pious gentleman to the store manager. Here it may be stated that the stranger was a store operative.

Pleaded the minister,—"Think, my dear brother, what a blow to Christianity, what a cause of doubt and backsliding for the righteous, if you throw me in!"

The store manager listened and relented. The matter was allowed to drop.

* * *

A few days before, a poor foreign woman, caught with goods of little value in the same store, had been prosecuted at the order of that same manager and is now serving a six-months' sentence. But this was different.

* * *

One Winnipeg newspaper got hold of the story, but decided to suppress it. The news editor received a deputation of gentlemen of the cloth, all prominent in piety circles. Said they afterwards, "Eaton's is convinced that our reverend friend is suffering from an unfortunate mental aberration." In saying this they trifled with the truth, because later on an official of the store, on hearing about this deputation, remarked—

"Kleptomaniac? Who said he was wrong in his head? That man is a damned thief and no better than any other damned thief. Any time he enters this store again he will be directed to the nearest exit. We would have prosecuted, but then it would have injured other innocent persons."

* * *

All of which goes to show that a good man who goes wrong is in reality a bad man who has just been found out.

* * *

Now that eggs have become quite rare and expensive, owing chiefly to the manoeuvres of the cold storage sharks, some of our local grocerymen are inclined to do a little juggling on their own account. The delivery men seem to fall in quite easily with the idea and it is therefore as well to count your eggs on the spot as you get 'em. Being new to housekeeping, we have been honswoggled in the most shameful and barefaced manner over this egg proposition.

* * *

Suspecting that we were not getting all the eggs that were coming to us, we decided to order exactly one hundred and then have them carefully counted out before the wife on the kitchen table when they arrived. Although we hung around in the offing to see that there was no shenannigan business, the delivery-man proved too much for both of us. He had apparently received his early education at a race-track. On being asked to count the eggs on the table, he never batted an eye.

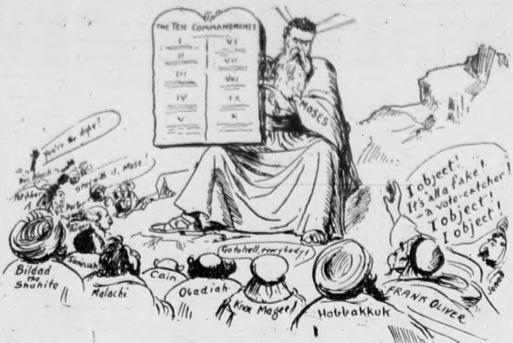
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven eight, nine, ten—I see where the Canadians captured twenty-three prisoners last night. Fancy, twenty-three!—twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven. And it only took them thirty-five minutes to consolidate the trench. That's quick work, eh?—thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three. By the way, how's that Ford? They tell me you get sixty miles an hour out of the old cement-mixer. Going some, sixty eh? Sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five. I see Laurier's pretty well out of it now. Getting too old. By the way, how old is he?"

"About seventy-six."

"Remarkable! Seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one. Still, I once saw a man as old as him playing cricket and he made ninety-six runs. Fancy at that age scoring ninety-six! Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred. And there you are, right to the dot!"

* * *

Happy day, Oh, happy day,
When Arthur Sifton fades away



Oliver the Objector
(Objects to everything in sight)

A bachelor friend, well known and well liked in Calgary, was offering us his congratulations the other day and getting off that old gag about all one's troubles being little ones, when we countered by asking him why he did not go and do likewise. He replied quite simply and seriously that he couldn't afford it. And yet this man lives most comfortably in an elegantly furnished suite and his cut-glass decanters are never empty. We were conversing on the sidewalk at the time. Said he:

"Do you see that girl going by? Well, the shoes she is wearing cost $15. That's the answer to your question.'

* * *

It is undoubtedly true that many men hesitate to marry because the women demand too much in the way of dress, amusement and social excitement. Social life and social customs have changed much of late years. The spread of education, the abolition of home life, the widespread epidemic of pretty stenogs in white shoes, the increased expense of every blessed thing coupled with the increased opportunities for getting rid of the little money one has, the desire for excitement up town in place of peace by the fireside, all have intensified the struggle for existence on the part of the male.

* * *

Many a bachelor is scared to marry through dread of unexpectedly going broke, with a wife and kid or two on his hands. If his favorite girl is one of those who has been accustomed to all the comforts and amenities of life, with its theatres, vaudeville shows, parties, balls, card parties, trips east and trips west and "all that bally rot," to say nothing of damnably expensive wearing apparel which has to be kept up to date, the poor man naturally pauses, helps himself to another drink, and reflects—**"If I should go broke!"**

* * *

And probing still further into the marriage stunt, there are always the cold realities to make provision for.

"Yes," said the boob on the porch, "life is so lonely."

"It is lonely sometimes," she answered.

"Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with honeysuckle and roses?"

"Oh, wouldn't it!"

"And when a fellow comes home tired from business to have a nice little wife to meet him at the door with a kiss?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"And then the winter nights, the blazing fire, in the cosy parlor, and you—I mean a wife—at the piano singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely."

"I think it would be sweet."

"And then ——'

At this point a careworn woman came round the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell on the pair.

Then they changed the subject.

* * *

Speaking of women, we have often wondered why none of them ever take to smoking cigars or a pipe. It would improve them immensely and make them far more companionable than they are at present. It has been said that women are incapable of real friendship because they cannot adjust their differences over a pipe. They have never invented anything great because they have not known that smoking is absolutely necessary when thinking great thoughts. Puffing at a rotten old cigarette is not smoking.

* * *

How delightful it would be for the husband to arrive home of an evening after a hard day's work and be greeted at the door by his wife with a pipe in her mouth or a cigar cocked up the side of her cheek! What a new bond of sympathy would be formed between husband and wife who shared the old tobacco caddy of an evening and occasionally blew themselves for a box of Cycos or El Pewkos! How much more homelike would home become if dainty pipe-racks, tobacco jars, pouches, match-holders, spittoons, ash trays, etc., were to be found all over the place, with half-burnt matches strewn artistically on the carpet! It would then only need a bottle of Scotch to make the paradise perfect and the bliss complete. Has anybody here seen Kelly?

Once more—for the fifth time, to be exact—we suggest to the managers of our local picture houses the advisability of throwing on the screen at stated intervals a request for silence on the part of each person in the audience, during the unfolding of a reel. The pleasure of watching a story of absorbing interest unfolding on the screen is too often marred by inconsiderate people sitting nearby, who by little annoyances of speech or action disturb everybody within earshot. A courteous request from the screen for silence might help some.

* * *

If our local movie managers are afraid of offending their patrons by making such a request, then we would suggest a new admission fee altogether, with a scale of rebates. Admission fee all around to be 25 cents, with no rebate when placed in a silent zone, where you can enjoy the show undisturbed; rebate of 5 cents when placed by the usher in the immediate vicinity of a person eating chocolate from a crackly paper bag, and munching it out loud; rebate of 10 cents when doomed to sit near a woman who reads out loud the descriptive sentences as cast upon the screen, hesitating and faltering at the big words; rebate of 15 cents for having to sit next to a kid who is having the play described to him by his mother as it goes along, or 20 cents rebate if the kid be especially inquisitive over the subtle passages. The movie theatre that adopts our suggestion in this matter will get the bulk of the business.

* * *

One doesn't get annoyed at these little trifles during scenes where men choke women around and people are jumping over the tables and upsetting lamps, and the hero rushes in and grapples with the bad man, because while this is going on the orchestra is kicking up a devil of a din to help the thing out; but it is perfectly intolerable to have to listen to the swish-swash-swash-tchuk, swish-swash-tchuk of a candy-chewer during the sweet little love scenes or the nice quiet scenes with classy dressed girls stepping in and out of limousines and gliding down a grand staircase, and handsome fellows in full dress suits putting on gloves and dreaming by the fireside. Movie patrons should be searched for candy before being admitted, just as men used to be searched for guns during the early days of the dance hall in Butte and Spokane.

* * *

There are two reasons why some people do not mind their own business; one is because they haven't any business, the other is because they haven't any mind.

Some frightful rot is being written about "the front," even in the best and most authoritative of publications. In the Saturday Evening Post (Sept. 8th) there appears an article, from a woman's pen, of course, which tells of pianos specially manufactured for the army. "A new petite model"—only a woman could think up that expression—has apparently sprung into being.

> "One regiment has seven of them. The piano is so tiny that a Tommy can carry it along with him when he moves forward to take a trench. In the long dreary evenings he sets it on two exploded shells, or perhaps holds it in his lap, and one of the many gifted men of his company plays tunes on it to which the men can sing."

* * *

On showing above par to a returned soldier (Sergeant) who has put in 18 months in the trenches, he at once broke into a roar of laughter. The idea of a Tommy packing a piano on his back when moving forward to take a trench struck him as being irresistibly funny. Said he:

"You will come across pianos way back in billets where the Y.M.C.A. huts are. The bomb-proof trenches back of the line may have these luxuries, too, but the front line, never. If one of the "gifted men" the writer speaks of started playing a piano in a front line trench, with the men all singing to his accompaniment, a court martial would certainly have them all shot at dawn unless Fritz had already dropped a little token of his esteem amongst them. We shall be reading about pool tables next and one-man cars in the front line. However, let the good work go on. Such stuff gives one a good laugh, anyhow."

* * *

Everybody was delighted to behold old Tapple's jovial physiog once more, and he must have felt very proud indeed over the warmth of his reception on his return home. What Q.M.S. Frost has to say about the almost unavoidable practice of sending back into the trenches convalescent soldiers whose wounds are not wholly healed and who are far from all right, is ample evidence of the imperative necessity of applying conscription. They need the men and **must have them.**

* * *

The disastrous Winnipeg Convention has put the everlasting kibosh on many a promising political career. It is now recognized that this ill-fated gathering played the Kaiser's game by responding to the protests of the alien-enemy population against conscription. No reputation can survive this.

* * *

When a dentist is buried he has filled his last cavity.

The whiskey-hunting sleuths of this town are certainly remarkably zealous in their line of noble endeavor. They make great hauls and replenish the exchequer of the province by hundreds of dollars every week. Calgary gets none of this fine-money; it all goes to Edmonton to pay the fat salaries of Hulyes, et al. and help defray Sifton's expenses holidaying half the year at the Cecil hotel in London. Calgary is butchered to make an alcoholiday.

* * *

In Edmonton the authorities are not nearly as strict nor half so vexatious in their methods of enforcing the Liquor Act as they are here in Calgary. Up there you can get all the real beer you want, sold right over the bar. It is managed very adroitly. Word goes forth that such and such a hotel has a real keg on tap and this place forthwith becomes very popular for several hours. Then another hotel has its turn for an hour or two, then another, and so on. Of course it is only dished out to the cognoscenti.

* * *

As for procuring whiskey in Edmonton, it must indeed be very easy, because every Calgarian we meet on his return from a visit up north bears all the surface indications of having had a hilarious time. Only this morning—the day we go to press—we met a friend issuing from the depot with his suitcase, having just got off the Edmonton sleeper. He was very nervous and bleary-eyed. All he could say was, "Do you know where I could rustle etc., etc." Fortunately we happened to have a wee drappie down at the house and shot him down there as fast as the little Ford could travel. He was in bad shape.

* * *

The Calgary sleuths not infrequently pull a bloomer in their efforts to catch people with booze. In their endeavors to get others into trouble they take grave chances of getting themselves into trouble also, though they seem to get by with it somehow. For instance, a very well-known rancher from northwest of town drove in last Friday night with three or four ducks done up in a parcel which he was going to present to a friend at the Palliser. It being late, he dropped in to McCrohan's cafe, across from the Palliser, had a bite to eat and asked the waiter to kindly put the ducks on ice till morning. The waiter obligingly did so. Next morning the rancher stepped across from the Palliser to get his parcel and on leaving the cafe with it tucked under his arm was accosted by one of our sleuths, who demanded to be informed as to the contents of the parcel. On the rancher mildly enquiring what business it was of his, the sleuth showed his police badge and voiced his suspicions that it was booze. The parcel was duly unwrapped and the ducks disclosed.

* * * *

Of course the explanation of above is that on the previous evening, when the rancher left the parcel to be put on ice, there was a spotter sitting around taking it all in. This piece of human scum made his sly report and then Mr. Sherlock Burns Pinkerton slipped around in the morning to lie in wait for his prey. At least we suppose this is how these stunts are worked out.

* * *

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay day he gave his bride $14 of the $15 salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife $1 and kept $14 himself.

"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"Darned if I know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."

* * *

Few men care to be as good or as bad as they are said to be.

* * *

Here is an item which, but for the fact that it is perfectly true, might have gone into our Society Notes.

Last Tuesday evening a man from the country went to the Palliser for his dinner. On being presented with the bill he made a tremendous roar over its appalling dimensions and refused to pay. While the management was sending for the police the man jumped out of the dining-room window and has not been seen since. He must have been hitting up the Alaska pudding.

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Careful investigations show that before the war the average British family wasted 25% of their food—and we Canadians were even more extravagant.

This waste is not in a few big things, but in many little ones, each, we used to think, too small to bother about—such as careless peeling of vegetables and fruit—failure to make good use of dripping and "left-overs"—and such others as will occur to every thrifty housekeeper.

For the Empire's sake as well as your own, hunt up and cut out these leaks! You'll be helping to relieve the food shortage—saving your own money—and putting yourself in a position to buy Canadian War Savings Certificates and help win the war.

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The City Council
(Pretty Good Heads for all that)

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FAREWELL KIND FRIENDS I'M THROUGH!

By far the most pathetic feature about Western Canada today is the known existence of fabulous wealth lying fast asleep beneath the ground, with no apparent hope of ever getting any of it out. It is enough to make one sit down on a log and have a good cry.

• • •

The stuff is there, both mineral and oil, but there it has to stay for lack of capitalistic enterprise. The Government should really bestir itself and encourage development of Western Canada's natural resources by means of bounties. This form of assistance seems to be reserved exclusively for the eastern provinces. With respect to oil development, anyhow.

• • •

Oil companies in Ontario receive a bonus from the Dominion Government of one-and-a-half cents a gallon, or approximately 60 cents a barrel, for all the crude oil produced in that province. If Ontario gets this oil bonus, why shouldn't Alberta get it also?

• • •

The Government does not appear to be yet seized of the fact that the production of oil as a commercial enterprise in Western Canada is in its swaddling clothes and struggling bravely to stand on its feet. It needs a helping hand. What is asked for is not much. Asking for the same treatment as Ontario is not asking too much, anyhow.

• • •

The Government should also bear in mind that the oil deposits of the earth are not merely of vital importance nowadays in a commercial sense, but equally so at this moment in a military sense. Its rapid production has revolutionized transport on sea and land. It, in common with electricity and steam, has relegated the horse to a secondary place in the solution of the problems of travel. It has made aerial warfare possible and has revolutionized naval construction.

• • •

New oil fields are required to meet the growing demands of the present world production. Canada is one of the countries which is looked to as a future source of supply, and the province of Alberta is the most promising field of all within the confines of the Dominion. It is the Government's obvious duty, therefore, to give assistance and encouragement, by the medium of a moderate bounty, to development work in connection with the production of oil in this province. What Ontario gets must not be denied to Alberta.

• • •

Although the existence of a sound commercial oil field in the region lying to the south-east of Calgary and to the north of Edmonton has been satisfactorily proved, yet capital, like Jane in the story, is very shy. This, of course, is due to the many frauds and the rascally fourflushing connected with the disastrous oil boom of a few years ago; but several of the more conservative companies which were boring long before the ill-fated boom are even now plodding away at their wells and pumping up oil in greater or smaller quantities. Being honest and solid, the boom swept over them and left them standing unscathed and unafraid.

• • •

These companies, small and unwatered, are working under a stiff financial handicap. One would imagine, seeing that the war has made oil and gasoline rather precious commodities, that the Government would be inclined to encourage development along this line. Unfortunately our beloved Government does not seem to take a very lively interest in anything west of the Great Lakes.

• • •

Application for this bounty has been made, and been refused—owing to some irrelevant technicality connected with specific gravity. It seems that the Act applies to oil of a certain specific gravity. But, what adds to the unfairness, is that our oil in Alberta is of a much higher and better grade, testing in its crude state 54 Baume. The discrimination against Alberta is therefore unjustifiable.

• • •

Just see what Australia is doing in connection with oil development just now! Only a couple of weeks ago the federal government decided to offer a bounty of 4½ cents a gallon on oil produced in Australia during the next four years.

• • •

In spite of these dreadful oil-boom memories the simple truth stands forth that the Calgary Oil Field is now producing oil in commercial quantities. One company, we understand, has a refinery in active operation at one of its wells, and does a big business in gasoline, the profits all going into further development in other wells on their property. It is a grim struggle for success, such as should well justify some reasonable assistance from the Government.

• • •

The big men of Canada in their banquet orations are never done waving their arms across the table and bellowing platitudes about the boundless wealth and unlimited resources of the Dominion. We must say that they do a fat lot towards developing any of it. Men of science tell us that these mountains abound in precious minerals of almost every known variety and that the foothill region is richly underlaid with oil-bearing strata, and yet our Government takes no steps whatsoever to encourage development work in this direction. The hills abound in copper which the British Empire is literally screaming for just now. The Allied Powers are also clamoring loudly for oil and its by-products. A gasoline famine is even threatened in our own land and yet the very stuff they want so badly is lying dormant under our feet waiting patiently to be yanked out of the bowels of the earth!

To be sure, we do know of a plan whereby the Dominion Government could be quickly induced to grant a 1½-cent bonus on Alberta oil—if not, indeed, a 5-cent bonus—but the plan is quite too rotten to be pushed. You will be wondering, perhaps, what it is. Well, a gift of say 100,000 acres of oil-bearing land could be deeded by a group of oil men to Mackenzie & Mann on condition that they develop it. Did we say a 5-cent bonus? We meant a 10-cent one.

• • •

To come down to cases, it is monstrous that there should be discrimination between the treatment accorded the Oil Companies of Eastern and Western Canada. In Ontario it is no trick at all to drill an oil well. They rarely have to go lower than 500 feet, the work itself costing less than $1,000. In Alberta it takes a small fortune, as we all know.

• • •

In Alberta, not only does it take months to drill a well, but the formation is such that heavy machinery is required, also steel casing such as is not manufactured in Canada. This has all to be imported from the States, subject to a duty of 37½ per cent. Why there should be a protective duty at all on articles that are not manufactured in this country is a mystery, but our tariff is chock full of just such mysteries. Mark Twain would undoubtedly have written a book about it had he lived.

• • •

Where it costs Ontario, which receives bounty on its oil, less than $1,000 to sink a producing well, it costs Alberta oil men anywhere from $30,000 to $50,000 to drill down three or four thousand feet through cantankerous rock strata. To ask, under these circumstances, for the same treatment as is accorded the province of Ontario, is reasonable on Alberta's part. The Government surely has some sense of equity left.

• • •

This matter was brought to the notice of parliament last June by the Hon. Frank Oliver, his remarks being replied to in quite a sympathetic vein by Sir George Foster. Mr. Oliver laid emphasis on **the right of the production of one part of the country to share in the same considerations as the production of another part of the country.**

Sound common sense, here, plus ordinary fairness.

• • •

After drawing attention to the stupendously greater difficulties and expense which confronted those who bore for oil in Alberta, Mr. Oliver went on to say:

> "If there is any warrant or justification for the payment of a bounty upon oil produced in Ontario, that justification is tremendously stronger in the case of oil produced in Alberta."

• • •

Well, you would naturally think that Sir George Foster, whose department handles such matters, would have risen and expressed both astonishment and regret that the province of Alberta, unknown to the Government, had been denied that which had been granted to Ontario; at the same time thanking Mr. Oliver for drawing his attention to the manifest injustice. But no! This would be too informal and colloquial. Not enough red tape.

• • •

All Foster did was to get up on his hind legs and stall along for ten or fifteen minutes, rambling away about adjustments between duties and bounties, but getting nowhere. While admitting that Oliver was quite right in his remarks, he gave no sign of any intention to alter the Act so as to place Alberta on an equality with Ontario. What was probably in the back of his head was the arithmetical circumstance of Alberta having only seven parliamentary representatives to Ontario's eighty-six. Why bother about Alberta?

• • •

Still, Foster's attitude was not antagonistic to the idea of doing the square thing by Alberta. The only thing was that it would give his department a devil of a lot of trouble and involve possibly some extra clerical work. In other words, it called for thoughtful delay and prayerful consideration.

• • •

> "If," said he, "the intention is to carry out a policy designed to stimulate the production of oil, there is no reason why the bounty should be limited to any locality. I think it is perfectly fair that in the case of another development in another part of the Dominion a difference in specific gravity should not be the determining factor in the payment of a bounty. Some other and better principle should be adopted."

• • •

Thus it will be seen that both the Government and the Opposition are in favor of doing away with any discrimination in favor of Ontario as against Alberta, with respect to oil bounties. This being the case the matter should not be allowed to rest. Boring for oil in this province is a difficult and discouraging job at best and deserves some small measure of assistance. Certain limits could easily be fixed so as to ensure the Government from getting soaked too hard through sudden or sensational oil discoveries. The idea is solely one of having help extended to a struggling industry which, if ultimately successful on a large scale, means not a little to the British Empire.

• • •

A well-known resident of Gleichen has fallen heir to £[illegible].—Gleichen Herald.

"[illegible]—[illegible]." Where have we heard that name before?

Whatever can be the matter with good old Wetaskiwin? Their chief of police in the early part of 1916 enlisted in the 15[illegible]th battalion and resigned his position. It was generally understood that he would get his position back on his return, should he be so fortunate. Chief James enlisted as a private and was promoted to Sergeant before leaving Canada with his battalion.

• • •

While training in England, Sergeant James unfortunately injured his knee and was attacked with rheumatism, being returned to Canada as unfit for military duty. On getting back to Wetaskiwin he applied for his old job, but was told by the Council that there was "nothing doing."

• • •

James is apparently now all right in a physical sense, and as he is admittedly a first-class policeman it does not appear quite fair that he should be refused his old job back. He sacrificed his position in order to "do his bit" and conscientiously did what he could, so far as he was able. The city of Wetaskiwin should rather glow with pride at having had an official who donned the khaki and thus reflected honor on the old burg, instead of turning the cold shoulder upon him and saying "Nothin' doin'," when he, through no fault of his own, was returned as unfitted to cope with the rigors of the trenches. This is not the spirit of the Wetaskiwin we once knew. Let us hope that it is not too late for the Council to reconsider their decision.

• • •

There reaches us from Bexhill-on-Sea a publication called "Chevrons to Stars," official organ of the Canadian Training School. The opening editorial attributes the success of this military school to the personality of one man, Lieut.-Col. Critchley, D.S.O., the commandant, who seems to have "a unique understanding of morale." This tribute to a Critchley will be appreciated by many in Western Canada.

• • •

The Critchley referred to here is not Oswald Critchley, the father, but one of the sons. The old 'un is a Captain. The last time we saw Oswald Critchley was a number of years ago up at Edmonton, when he was rushing past the judges' stand astride the winner, a horse bred at his own ranch. Despite his stature and weight, Critchley was always somewhere in the offing when the Gentleman's Race was called. The sons, under his tuition, became noted polo players.

• • •

In the early days around Calgary there was a group of English sportsmen, ranch owners, who were hard to beat, men of individual wealth and, what was better, of the most punctilious honor. Bevan, George Ross, Goddard, O. S. Brown, Eckford, McNaughten, Oswald Critchley, and perhaps two or three others. Several of these are in the country yet, but, as we have frequently remarked, the glory and the sport of these days passed with the growth of population and will never return. Conditions nowadays are too cold-blooded. Gone are the days when somebody was always setting 'em up. Eheu fugaces!

• • •

What is the matter with Philip Gibbs, the war correspondent, these days? His stuff has become almost as uninteresting as Stewart Lyon's.

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In last week's Nutcracker there appeared the following quaint squib on The Eye Opener's attitude towards Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Observe the date of Librarian Calhoun's letter. That gentleman should be delighted over the Nutcracker's cheery assumption that he is to be alive and kicking in the year 1968, over a hundred years old. Some irrelevant portions of Sir Wilfrid's letter to ourself have been omitted, owing to lack of space. In the meantime we shall dig up amongst the archives on our own account and see if we can't find our reply to Sir Wilfrid's letter. If found, it will appear next issue.

* * *

Calgary, Sept. 20, 1968.

The Editors, Nutcracker:—

Gentlemen:—In the task of re-arranging many old manuscripts which came to light during the recent celebration of 50 years of peace I chanced upon an unpublished letter of Sir Wilfried Laurier. It was written about the 1st of September, 1917, while the war was still raging, and was addressed to one R. C. Edwards, who published, at that time, a paper called the Eye Opener.

Evidently it was an answer to some jocular letter (Edwards appears to have been a humorist) written by Mr. Edwards about this time. As it appears to throw some light upon the character and trials of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, I deem it will be of interest to your readers.

Sincerely yours,
DOUGLAS HAIG CALHOUN,
Calgary Librarian.

* * *

Ottawa, Sept. 6, 1917.

My Dear Robert:

I have been a reader of the Eye Opener for many years, and though I have not always been able to agree with you, the reading of your estimable publication has on many instances given me much pleasure.

I well recall some statements which you made about one who was once a friend of mine—one Clifford Sifton. I was not at that time in full accord with your views, but I preserved the papers for future perusal, and recent events have given me cause to wonder if after all you were not on the whole pretty well informed regarding that gentleman.

I also remember, and I confess not with pleasure, your remarks about Sir Frederick Borden. Sir Frederick has gone to his reward. In some ways he was a gay old top, but my dear Robert it was a greater one than either of us who said: "Let him who is without sin among you shy the first rock."

You know, my dear sir, I am older than you. I have lived long enough to become somewhat mellowed. I have learned that compromises wait behind each hardly opened gate and so I am free to confess to a change of view upon many subjects and in regard to many men.

Remember, I do not ask you to do me open justice today. You can hardly be expected to do that, at least so far as your public utterances are concerned. You feel you must do service to your Tory masters. I do not mind that, but in your own heart and mind I feel that you must know the facts, and there I know you do me justice.

In your issue of Sept. [illegible] you state that I opposed the sending of troops to South Africa, and only did so when it was clear the people wanted them sent.

I did not oppose the sending of troops. But in my humble opinion they could only be sent with the approval of the Canadian people. That stand I have always taken. We have a government today which views things differently and cares not for the opinion of the people. I proposed at that time to guide so far as I could the current of Canadian thought. Today the policy among your friends is one of dividing the Canadian people. Which is the wiser course?

But, if you are anxious to condemn me in regard to my course in the South African war, why do you not point out that the historic policy of the Conservative party is precisely the policy you condemn. Sir John MacDonald in 1885 refused to send troops to the Soudan. In a famous speech at the Garrison Club in Quebec on March 31st, 1900, Sir Charles Tupper, in the most vigorous tones, condemned me for what he called "my advocacy of Imperial Federation." In an interview in LaPresse of Montreal on August 20, 1900, he said these words, and I quote exactly from that interview: "As far as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is concerned you can say that he is too English for me with his program of Imperial Federation." It is a known fact that your great leader, Sir John MacDonald, held strongly the view that Canada should not participate in European wars. I am firmly convinced that if he were here today he would say that new occasions teach new duties. You know these facts. Have you ever condemned the attitude of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John MacDonald? Oh, no! and nothing but slavish devotion to an outworn, hidebound partyism constrains you to damn me for views I do not hold, but which the fathers of your party did hold.

Frankly, that is your weakness. With an apparent appeal to the non-partisan spirit of the West you are really more partisan than the Herald. I love you, Robert, for your erratic ways and your unique powers of expression, but frankly you are the most reactionary political writer in Canada. I can recall no single occasion in which you have stood up for principle or advocated advanced legislation, and when a man at your age has held that course so long, the future is little likely to witness a change.

You belong to a party which is incapable in a broad measure of understanding Democracy or the Democratic idea. When the Senate defeated the Navy Bill, and they were within their rights under our constitution, your party had a way out if they cared to exercise it. Lloyd George found a way when the House of Lords blocked legislation demanded by the people. He appealed to the people. The Tory party in Canada could have done the same thing—it was the constitutional way, the British way, but the "emergency" was not great enough to cause the Conservatives to emerge from the emoluments of office.

They have had six years of power. Six years is long enough of stupid blundering—six years in which they have had your support—what do you think of them? Are you satisfied? They found six years ago a united people. After three years of common suffering in a great cause they have succeeded in causing disunion, discontent, a lowered morale and national disorder, and now they propose to attempt to gain a prolongation of life by forcing down the throats of the people an iniquitous franchise measure at which every sense of decency and British blood within us should rise in revolt.

I have given my life to the cause of harmony and unity in Canada. You and the Tory press are trying to stir up friction and disorder. It is an easy thing to do.

We have two languages and two races in Canada. In Lord Durham's report, published in 1939, he wrote:

(Here follows a line of Bull Durham.)

Alas, it is just as easy to stir up strife today, but I appeal to you, Sir, as a Canadian, as one who exerts some influence in your own community, is it not the larger vision and the broader outlook which strives to harmonize, to consolidate, to develop within ourselves a national consciousness and a national spirit? In that task there is enough to fire the imagination of youth, to broaden the vision of age, and to give to you who are in the prime of life the pulse and purpose for the great task of building a Canadian Nation.

Believe me, my dear Robert,
Your affectionate friend,
SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

* * *

First Farmer: "You won't take $50 for that cow?"

Second Farmer: "Can't do it."

F.F.: "But yesterday you told me you'd sell her for $50."

S.F.: "I know I did, but I'll have to back out."

F.F.: "What's the matter?"

S.F.: "You see, the cow belongs to my wife and she says she will sob herself into hysterics if I sell her. It would break her heart."

F.F.: "All right—it's no sale."

S.F.: "Say—!"

F.F.: "Well, what is it?"

S.F.: "Make it $60 and we'll let her sob."

* * *

By way of showing what a very smart fellow Clifford is we might cite the case of his connection with the Calgary Gas Company, Ltd. For his services in passing the underwriting of four million dollars' worth of bonds, Clifford received three million dollars of common stock. A very smart fellow indeed.

* * *

This company is capitalized at [illegible] and upon its broad bosom float the scum of all nations. Beneath the dark waters of the Gas Company's capital are to be found many sharks, the most dangerous being the Sharkus Cliffordensis. It swallows everything in sight and is a [illegible].

* * *

Surely it is about time that the words "Britain" and "British" be used more freely than "England" and "English" when speaking of the old country and of all [illegible]. Today, for instance, a Scot (Haig) is leading the British Army in France, another Scot (Beatty) is commanding the Grand Fleet at sea, while a third (Sir William Robertson) directs the Imperial General Staff in London. The [illegible] (Lord [illegible]) is a Scot, as are the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Bonar Law) and the [illegible]. The Prime Minister is a Welshman, and who takes the cake?

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100 Men's Suits, good serviceable wool tweeds, well tailored. Today's price $16.50. Our price **$12.50**

400 Men's Suits, good wool tweeds, in mixtures and plain dark shades. Today's price $18. Our price **$15.00**

800 Men's Suits, fancy wool tweeds, Norfolk and three-piece styles. Today's price $22. Our price **$18.00**

700 Men's Suits, in fancy tweeds and worsteds, best tailored and newest styles. Today's price $24. Our price **$20.00**

800 Men's Suits, excellent wool materials. Just right for fall and winter wear. Today's price $26. Our price **$22.00**

800 Men's Suits, all wool, fancy mixtures and plain shades; best tailored in the newest styles. A splendid assortment. Today's Price $28. Our price **$24.00**

960 Men's Suits, tailored in all the newest styles, including pinchback, Norfolk and three-piece. Newest materials and shades. Today's price, $34. Our price **$26.00**

800 Men's Suits, best assortment yet, including fancy wool tweeds, worsteds and navy serges. Best tailored in all the newest styles. Today's price $35. Our price **$28.00**

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Some time ago it was announced that the Dominion Government had hired an assistant to the fuel controller at a salary of $25,000 per year. (Long breath—$25,000 per year!) Last week we see by the papers that C. W. Peterson, of Calgary, has just been appointed assistant to Mr. Magrath, the fuel controller. Does this mean that Peterson is getting a salary of $25,000 a year? And what is Magrath himself getting—$50,000?

* * *

These Government jobs seem to be getting fatter and fatter every year. We, the editor of this paper, have finally decided to horn in on some of the good things. As a matter of fact, we have already applied to the Provincial Government for a place on the Commission which will shortly be appointed to visit England and France to investigate the charges of fraud in connection with the election of the two soldier-members to the Alberta Legislature.

* * *

Our application went in last June, as soon as we heard there was going to be such an election at the front. The election is barely over and there have been no charges of fraud, but of course there will be. There always is, and a Commission will be appointed to go over and investigate—like the Commission for a similar purpose from British Columbia—and there will be a fine trip for three of "the boys," with generous salary and expenses and a suite at the Cecil. We are extremely desirous of being one of "the boys" on this occasion. Haven't been back in twenty years.

* * *

The St. Andrew's New Select Choir, under the leadership of Mr. James [illegible], have begun the preparation of "The Creation," and expect to be ready for their first performance early this fall. The proceeds will be applied for the benefit of the Bereaved Wives' and Mothers' Club of Calgary. Leader [illegible], who in the course of his professional career has prepared choirs for this great work both in this country and in Scotland, has already sixty voices under his direction. More particulars later on.

* * *

Consulting a bachelor friend the other day on this business of marriage, all we could get out of him was that it must be "quite a sport." This was a vulgar definition of the solemn tie. We much prefer the definition of marriage once given by Senator Lougheed to a client who called at his law office.

"Marriage—is a corporation of two persons with such power to [illegible] its numbers—so to speak."

At a certain church an aged usher, to save the exertion of continually marching up and down the aisle to conduct persons to their seats, used to take a stand in the centre of the church and, when any incomers appeared, beckon to them and then conduct them to a seat.

The urchins of the neighborhood, knowing his peculiarity, used to pop their heads inside the church door and mimic his action by beckoning to him. Many times he tried to catch them, and one Sunday morning ~~nearly did so~~. But the boy rushed away from the church and ran into the arms of a policeman.

"What have you been up to?" demanded the policeman.

Thought the boy: "I'm caught," but he said: "Oh, sir, there's a disturbance at that church and they have sent me to fetch a policeman."

"Very good," said the officer. "I'll step in and see about it."

So he opened the door at the west end of the church, and, taking off his helmet, entered.

The moment the aged usher saw him he beckoned to him, and motioned him to a seat next an old gentleman.

Immediately he was seated he touched the old gentleman and said: "Come quiet."

The old gentleman replied: "What do you mean?"

Officer: "You know what I mean, and I don't want no chat. Come quiet, or I shall have to take yer by force."

Old gentleman: "I really don't understand you."

Officer: "Look here, we don't want no more disturbance; you have been kicking up quite enough, and I'm going to have you out quick."

By this time the congregation was looking at the pair and wondering what was the matter, so the old gentleman said: "Very well; I have not made any disturbance, but to save any I will go with you."

So together (to the wonderment of the congregation) they marched up the aisle.

When they had passed out of the church the usher followed them, and the policeman, turning to him, said:

"Now then, you have to make your charge."

"Charge?" said the usher. "There ain't any charge; all the seats are free!"

* * *

Now the stage is clearly drawn and Germany must know that it is fighting merely to keep the house of Hohenzollern in its job.

* * *

Yes, and pretty soon there won't be enough royalty in the world to make up the well-known flush.

In your last issue you wrote a spirited article bewailing the lack of interesting details in the press accounts which supplement the "official wires" concerning the war.

Speaking as one who has seen a little bit of everything (from the ranks), and also (once again) as a civilian who is hungry for "local color" in my war news, I can assure you you hit the nail on the head with your usual good sense.

About the time the Somme advance began in 1916 the British Government shipped to France a few specialty press writers who were given a fairly free hand, and as a result wrote some very readable dope in the daily papers. At some later time the Canadians had a writer also.

The trouble with these men was that they wrote in the heroic vein. For instance, if they referred to the Canadians they laid it on with a trowel and we were a combination of Richard Coeur de Leon, D'Artagnan, King David and Deadwood Dick. If they were handing out anything to the Imperial troops you received the impression that the Crusaders of long ago were "also rans."

All the boys are convinced that these "eye witness" accounts are written by some warm-hearted idiot in the bar of a London "pub," and the sooner he gets back to his job editing Aunt Sarah's "Sunshine" notes the better.

The average man who has a front seat at the war has no news of public value. All he can write about is his immediate circle—his discomforts, his disappointments—and be sure he will always try to write in a humorous vein. That is in his blood. If you see a letter from the front telling of feats of "derring do," take it from me he lies! The average private's mind is occupied with matters very urgent to himself, but unless properly expressed, very trivial to outsiders. He worries over his rations, his rum, how many sandbags he has to fill, whether he can get out of that "work party," where in hell is his relief, why there are not more spuds in the Mulligan, etc., etc. His chance of being wounded or "going west," to all appearances, does not bother him; he is searching for a friend who has cigarettes to spare or a plug of chewing.

I believe the people here want homely accounts of how Bill and Tom and Jack fared from the time the battalion or draft pulled out from the depot.

* * *

An official report by experts on the financial and physical condition of the Canadian Northern Railway has been placed before the government. It seems that the road needs [illegible] to put it on its feet. Otherwise it is all right.